

The American Stage.

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they will not be laid down till they are fimished, and this is what the critics are saying of "Life on the Stage," by Clara Morris. In this case, however, it is the literal truth. The majority of the readers of this book will not lay it down until they have read the last page and wished there was more of it; and even then they will be likely to turn back and re-read two or three chapters before iscashing as a novel, and a great deal more dumnities, pathetic, and humorous than mest novel; pathetic, and humorous than mest novel; at all like it.

It may have been a shrewd bit of diplomacy, or unconscious wisdom, which led the author to stop her narrative at the beginning of her fame. It is occupied dimost wholly with her early life, the struggles she made to attain an assured position, the scanty rewards and manifold hardships endured by the actress of 1865-75. To tell of her triumphs in New York, when she was regarded by many as the greatest emotional actress on the American stage, might have seemed a little like a record of personal glory. But just as the hard work and many disappointments of some ten or fitteen years give place to money and fame, the author stops and leaves the reader to imagine the rest. *

In the first place the book will be an education to people who think that life on the stage is easy and pleasant. In the earlier chapters it is pianily shown that the young actress of the Middle West, not so very long ago, was obliged to live on wages which would not have contented a cook, and that her work was had and increasant. When scarcely thirteen Clara Morris went on the stage in what was accont in the stage is not was had and increasant. When scarcely thirteen Clara Morris went on the stage in what was had and increasant. When scarcely thirteen Clara Morris went on the stage in what was a cook, and that her work was had and increasant. When scarcely thirteen Clara Morris went on the stage in what was a cook, and that her work was had and increasant. When scarcely thirteen Clara Morris went on the st

then known as a family theatre, in which then known as a family theatre, in which
the manager's wife was leading lady, and
the commany was a permanent one, supThe incidents of interest, pathetic, comfort
the commany was a permanent one, supthe company was a permanent one, sup-porting any star who happened to come slong. Her first appearance in the theatre as an applicant for a place in the ballet is thus described by the manager:

tre as an applicant for a place in the ballet is thus described by the manager:

"I was much put out by a business matter and was hastily crossing the corridor when Blanche called me, and I saw that she had another girl in tow; a girl whose appearance in a theatre was so droll I must have laughed had I not been more than a little cross. Her dress was quite short—she were a pale blue apron buttoned up the back, long braids tied at the ends with ribbon, and a brown straw hat, while she clutched desperately at the handle of the biggest umbrella I ever saw. Her eyes were distinctly blue and were plainly big with fright. Blanche gave her name and said she wanted to go on in the ballet, and I instantly answered she would not do; she was too small; I wanted women, not children, and started to return to my office. Blanche was voluble, but the girl herself never spoke a single word. I glanced toward her and stopped. The hands that cintched the umbrella trembled—she raised her eyes and looked at me. I had noticed their blueness a moment before—now they were almost black, so swiftly had the pupils dilated, and slowly the tears rose in them. All the father in me shrank under the child's bitter disappointment; all the actor in me thrilled at the power of expression in the girl's face, and I hastily added: 'Ch, well! You may come back in a day or two, and if anyone appears meantime who is short enough to march with you I'll take you on, and after I got to my office I remembered the girl had not spoken a single word, but had won an engagement—for I knew I should engage her—with a pair of tear-filled cyes.'

Some of the incidents which occurred in the early days of the American drama

Some of the incidents which occurred in the early days of the American drama were a mixture of comedy and tragedy. The fact that the company in a provinevery star who came along, no matter what sort of a play he had, led to some bones, and the only available person for the Queen Mother was Clara Morris-at the age of sixteen. This is what hap- achievements.

"Mr. Bandmann, a very big man, to my frightened eyes looked gigantic. He was dark-skinned, he had crinkly, flowing hair, his eyes were of the curi-ous red-brown color of a ripe chestnut. He was large of voice and large of gesture. There was a greeting, a few introductions, and then rehearsal was on; and soon, oh! so soon, there came the call for the Queen. I came for-ward. He gianced down at me, half smiled, waved his arm, and said, 'Not smiled, waved his arm, and said, 'Not you, not the Player Queen, but Ger-

you, not the Player Queen, but Gertrude.'
"I faintly answered: Tm sorry, sir,
but I have to play Gertrude."
"Oh, no; you won't' he cried; 'not
with me!' He was furious; he stamped his feet, he turned to the manager:
'What's all this infernal nonsense? I
want a woman for this part! What
kind of witches' broth are you serving
me with, an old woman for my Ophelia
and an apple-checked girl for my
mother! She can't speak these lines!
She, dumpling face!
"Mr. Ellisler said quietly: There is
sickness in my company. The heavy
woman't cannot act; this young girl

She, dumpiling face!

"Mr. Ellister said quietly: There is sickness in my company. The heavy woman carnot act; this young girl will not look the part, of course, but you need have no fear about the lines; she never loses a word.

"Curse the words! It is that that little girl shall not read with the sense one line, no, not one line, of the Shakespeare! His English was fast going in his rage.

"Mr. Ellister answered, 'She will read the part as well as you ever heard it in your life, Mr. Bandmann.' And Mr. Bandmann gave a jeering langh, and snapped his fingers loudly. "It was most insulting, and I feit overwhelmed with humiliation. Mr. Ellister said, angrily: 'Very well, as I have no one else to offer you, we will close the theatre for the night.' But Mr. Bandmann did not want to close—not he. So, after swearing in German for a time, he resumed rehearsal, and when my time came to speak I could scarcely lift my drooping head or conquer the lump in my throat, but, somehow, I got out the entreating words:

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, and let his ever lock lives triend on December 1 and 1 and

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, and let thine eye look like a friend on

"He lifted his head suddenly-I went

Do not, for ever, with thy welled lide Seek for thy noble father in the dust

"He exclaimed surprisedly, 'So-so" as I continued my speech. Now, in this country, 'So-so" is a term applied to restless cows at milking time, and the devil of ridicule, never long at rest in my mind, suddenly wakened, so that when I had to say: Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: I pray thee, stay with es; go not to Witter

berg.

"And Mr. Bandmann smilingly cried 'Bo! so." I swiftly added the word 'Bossy,' and every soul on the stage broke into laughter. He saw he was laughed at, and it took a whole week's time and an elaborate explanation to enable him to grasp the jest—but when he got a good hold of it he so! so! bessied, and stamped and laughed at a great rate." and laughed at a great rate."

Then came the night—a bir house, too, I remember. I were long and loose garments to make me look more matronly; but alas! the draper Queen Gertrude wears, passed under Queen Gertrude wears, passed under her jaws from car to ear, was particularly becoming to me, and brought me uncommonly near prettiness. Mr. Elisier groaned, but said nothing, while Mr. Bandmann sneered out an 'Ach Himmell' and shrugged his shoulders, and made me feel real nice and happy. And when one considers that without me the theatre must have closed, or changed its bill, even while one pittes him for the infliction, one feels he was unnecessarily unkind.

"Well, all went quietly until the is he was unnecessarily unkind. Well, all went quietly until the closet scene—between Hamlet, the Queen, and the Ghost. It is a great scene, and he had some very effective tusiness. I forgot frandman in Hamlet. I tried hard to show shame, pride, and terror. The annihuse was rapturous. The curvals fell, and—why, what in the name of heaven was happening to me.

cook, and that her work was hard which Miss Morris made one of the free state on the stage in what was the first place, by a cast which Mr. Pal-

and tragic, are simply legion; but when all is said and done, it is the personality of the actress which makes the great charm of the book. A spirit of light-hearied gayety, of sympathetic friendiness, of genuine love for her art, characterizes the writer, from the time when a child, she learned Shakespeare by seeing him played, to the night when, making her first hard-won success in New York, she leaves the theatre still echoing with applause, to go back to her mother at the boarding house and sit down to a supper of bread and cheese. In all her relation with the people of the stage she is "bonn camarade et bonne fille." Those who read her book in years to come will under-stand something of the magnetism which thrilled audiences and enptured critics, and wen for Clara Morris the name of the greatest emotional netrees of her time, (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1,50.)

The Women of Canada.

"Maids and Matrons of New France," by Mary Sifton Pepper, is a detailed hisry of certain phases in the ploneer life of Canada which are only touched upon in the work of Parkman and other au-thors. Parkman's writings are so concentrated, so packed with incident and uggestion, that material for a hundred historical novels might be got out of stories which he dismisses with as many paragraphs. Miss Pepper has made an partagraphs. Miss repper has made an especial study of the dames and dam-sels of France who left luxurious homes to settle in the new colony. The colonial history of Montreal and Quebec contains chapters unlike anything else in the chronicles of the New World. True, there were women of position and wealth in The fact that the company in a provin-clal theatre was expected to support days of civilization on this continent; but they were generally wives and daughters what sort of a play he had, led to some curious things. When Bandmann, the German tragedian, came to Columbus, it chanced that the "heavy woman" in the local theatre was laid up with broken being a said the only against the columbus. mary motives. This book is the record of their lives, characters, and

The story is a strange one. It must be remembered that, curiously enough, whereas the New England Puritans came to this country to better themselves, and paid little attention at first to the souls of the Indians; and the Cavallers of the outh and the Spanlards of Florida had practically no missionary spirit save that of conquest, the Canadian settlers really seem to have had some idea that their savage neighbors might be made Christians by wholesale, and numerous French missionaries of both sexes were sent out to establish convents and schools and orphanages, and carry the news of the true faith among the Iroquois. It was not testify. The luckless missionary was likely to be scalped or tortured with pine splinters, and sent back where he came from as a warning to his brethren; but the warning never had any effect. The devoted Jesuit fathers continued to offer up their lives on the altar of missionary enterprise. The fire of their zeal communicated itself to women as well as to men; and spirits pure and holy in their aims, if somewhat visionary in their methods, were added to the colony of New France. The author says:

"Many of them would even newadays be looked upon as 'emancipated' and 'advanced.' Yer it was nearly three centuries ago that Judith de Bresoles renounced the luxury of a wealthy and aristocratic home and devoted seven years to the study of chemistry and medicine that she might become physician and nurss to the savages of the New World; that Marguerite de Roberval, descendant of a long line of cavallers and noble dames, wandered alone through the haunted wastes of Demon's Isle, and kept at bay the wild beasts of the wilderness with her old French harquebus; that Marle Guyard, with her few brave assistants, delicately nurtured and high-born women of France, made of themselves, in turn, mechanics, architects and farmers in their adopted land; that those dainty nurses, the hospitalieres of Quebec, dyed their cherished white gowns a duil brown mat they might follow their profession more efficiently smild the smoke and uncleanliness of the squalid wigwams."

Mme. de la Peltrie is perhaps the best known of the women who estab lished missions in New France. Early left a widow, she determined to devote her self and her fortune to this work, and to this end adopted the unique plan of marrying, as a matter of form, a gentleman who shared her religious views, so that she might be unhampered by the inter-ference of her relatives. Immediately after the ceremony the bride sailed for Canada, there to set up her mission in peace. Her work is thus described by

"Mme. de la Peltrie's life in New France was one of strenuous endeavor. Aside from her duties in the seminary, she devoted herseif to the study of the Indian languages, and is said even to have tilled the soil with her own hands. After the first few years of her life, the historian only gives occasional glimpses of her-romantic and visionary niwsys. One Holy Thursday, according to an ancient custom, in company with Madeleine de Repentiany, whose father, with his family and forty-five retainers, had settled in Quebec in 1635, she is seen washing the feet of the poor women of the colony, while the Governor and his staff performed the same office for the men. "God knows," exclaimed the missionary who described this "Mme. de la Peltrie's life in New the men. 'God knows,' exclaimed the missionary who described this pious set, 'how affected these barbarians were at seeing people of such quality at their feet! We explained to them why we exercised this act of humility, and they were intelligent enough to comprehend it. But their pleasure was still more evident when, after this ceremony, we served them with a line dinner.

Naturally. Of Judith de Bresoles and her comanions the historian says:

Naturnay,
Of Judith de Bresoles and her companions the historian says:

"They were ledged temporarily in an upper room, which had to be reached by a ladder, and of which powerty was the only ornament." During the long northern winter they suffered greatly from the cold, which was so intense that they were obliged to thaw out their bread before eating it, and to sweep out the snow which had accumulated in drifts through the cracks in the walls. Pauntless in their enthusiasm, they went on bravely in their work for the hospital. Judith de Bresoles developed a remarkable talent for making soups, out of almest nothing, such as people had never tasted before. Dainty bits to satisfy the most capriclous appetites were placed before the wondering patients, who considered their origin nothing less than divine.

"Catherine Mace and Mademeiselle Maillet found their happiness in performing the menial duties of the hospital, which were occasionally interrupted by supernatural visions. In one of these granted to Mademeiselle Maillet, the two defunct founders, Olier and Daursersiere, appeared and assured lier that the work would rever perish; that all the tempests that assailed it would never uproot it from the soil in which her happiness in a reck, ending with the cheerful statement that powerty and suffering were necessary to its existence. The Governor and other officers of the colony frequently visited them, and would often indules in gentle raillery on the powerty of their surroundings. They once vied with one another in guessing the original color and material of the muses caps and gowns: the wildest guess suggesting silk; but the patches of cotton and leather which predominated making this conjecture doubtind. Thus the happy Frinch nature of these explications of an iroquois raid, and it will trials."

**Add to the se privations the constant apprecientsion of an iroquois raid, and it will

dd to these privations the constant appre-tension of an iroquois raid, and it will be seen that the missionaries who sought to establish a hospital in New France had not nearly as easy a time as some of those who are now sent out by various missionary boards.

There is also to be found in this book There is also to be found in this book the story of Jeanne le Ber, the recluse of Montreal, and that of Madeleine de Vercheres, who, a girl of fourteen, in command of two chicken-hearted soldiers, an old man of eighty, two boys, and some women and children, defended a fort for six days and nights against a troop of half a hundred Iroquois, through sheer pluck and resourcefulness. She contrived that the savages should not know how weak her garrison really was, and held out until soldiers from Montreal came and raised the siege. There are at least half a dozen types of pioneer French women among those whose histories are here set down, and all the stories are well told. The book is illustrated with numerou portraits and some other pictures, which add much to its interest. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

American Poetry.

A "History of American, Verse," by James L. Onderdonk, has appeared, and will interest many students of literature. The author has conscientiously devoted a considerable part of his book to the American verse makers who flourished before 1840, which makes the book, as a whole, less interesting to the public than it otherwise would be. The poets of America in the days immediately before and after the Revolution were very much like the anakes in Ireland. It is of some importance, however, to know who the pioneer in American dialect poetry was. Robert Dinsmore (1757-1836), a native of Windham, N. H., published at Haverhill his "Incidental Poems," composed in the dialect of his native place. This speech was introduced into that part of New England by some Scotch-Irish immigrants in 1719, and was for more than a century the vernacular of that region.

One of the valuable features of the

book is its careful mention of poets not noticed in other works of the kind. It will prove an excellent supplement to Wendell's "Literary History of America" or other books of that nature. In it one may trace the beginnings of American poetry, the first faint traces of a spirit which was to produce a literature skin to that of Old England, yet essentially different from anything evolved in the mother country. One is impressed in reading this history with the great number writers who are remembered only for some one poem, into which they seem to have put all the poetic faculty and feel-ing which they possessed. This is explained by the author's comment that the bulk of American verse is lyrical. There are ten people who have the power, when greatly moved by some strong feeling, to write one good poem, to one who can con-tinue to write poetry which shall be

even passably good. Anothe: thing of which the reader is likely to be convinced after the perusal of this book is that our literature, what there is of it, is thoroughly American. It was recognized to be so at about the middle of the nineteenth century, but is significant that about all the fairly ood poems of the time previous to this which have survived are redolent of the soil. Mr. Onderdonk regards the little paper started by Transcendentalists in 1840, under the name of "The Dial," as instrumental in the creation of a truly na tional school of poetry. He says:

"In discarding traditions of the past, it appealed to the untrammeied conscience, and earnestly strove for the upbuilding of individuality and self-reliance, as opened to the prevalent spirit of dependence and imitation. As Col. T. W. Higginson has wisely said: Behind all the catchwords, and even cant, if you please, of the Transcendentalists, lay the fact that they looked immediately around them for their stimulus, their scenery, their filustrations, and their properties. After fifty years of national life the skylark and nightingale were at last dethroned from our literature, and in the very first volume of "The Dial" the bluebird and the wood thrush took their place."

And that was surely a good thing. (Chi-

And that was surely a good thing. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"With 'Bobs' and Kruger," by Frederic William Unger, is another collection of those reminiscences of war correspond ents which have been plentiful of late in connection with the war in South Africa Mr. Unger served with both armies at one time or another, and took his camera with him. Most of his illustrations of the book are from pictures taken by himself. He has made a strong effort to be impartial, and has said pleasant things about both Lord Roberts and the President of the Transvanl Republic.

Some of his views on the question o loot" are interesting if not exactly scien tific from a military point of view. He says:

"Napoleon thoroughly understood this principle in human nature, and, though it may be truly said, the carried the art of war back five hundred years to the Middle Ages, yet was there ever so devoted and energetic a body of men as those fearless legions of France who warred for twenty years across the wrinkled face of tortured Europe? No, if war be right in any case, then be consistent and let the boys loot. A campaign cannot be run like a Sunday school, nor is going into battle like a tea party. Since war brings to the surface all of man's strongest passions, let fleed marshals realize the folly of trying to utilize one only while suppressing the rest.

"Yes, undoubtedly the just for fighting is one of man's strongest passions, and following close behind its his love of looting. The two go together and are inseparable. "War should support war." To the victors belong the spoils. So, if for policy or principle it be wise to let man murder, then, for his individual and private gratification, why not let him be also a thlef?" vidual and private gratification, why not let him be also a thief?"

Another scrap of information which may turn out to be even more interesting than it appears on the face of it to be, is

than it appears on the face of it to be, is this:

"An item of interest was told me by a Government adheial, while at Machadodorp, which has a strong bearing on the attitude the Powers may adopt when the time for final settlement at the conclusion of the war shall come. My informant said: "My! won't the British be mad when the war is over to find that, after all, they have lost the gold mines for which they have really been fighting?" Why, how is that? I asked; 'surely the Boers haven't carried them off, nor have they been destrayed, as was expected." "Well, I'll explain it to you,' he continued. You see, the Government originally leased the mines with the provision that if at any time they should remain unworked for a period of six mouths the leases would revert to the Government. Of course, the beginning of the war put a stop to all mining operations, and when the war was six months old the Government privately sold the reverted leases to French and German capitalists.

"Now, when the war is officially declared over,' these capitalists, through their Governments, will insist on their claims, and all sorts of unpleasant compleations for England will be the result. Nothing will be done in this matter until the war is entirely at an end, for the Powers desire that England shall have expended as much of her resources as possible in her contest with the Republics. Rather clever of the Government, wasn't it? You see, in this way, two of the Powers have been furnished with a technical excuse for interference, and, in addition, the Republics have succeeded in enlisting on their side un-national capital, which is the force behind all civil power, and must fight for its rights wherever and by whomsoever assailed. England will certainly object to surrendering the mines, and then the trouble will begin. It will be interesting, now that the war appears to be nearing its final stages, to remember this phase of the subject, and watch to see if there will be any international device prements which my informant's remarks may

Mr. Unger has a great admiration for the British army officer, which may seen to some people to indicate that the average American, however democratic h may pretend to be, does dearly love a lord. At any rate, this is what he say on the subject:

"I do not care to criticise their effi-ciency as officers, for what demerits they have are more the fault of the system than of the material. But as to courage and bravery, the English offi-cer has few equals and no superiors. Bravery, especially in time of battle, is largely a matter of comparison. The British Tommy, drawn from the slums of London, where for perhaps many generations he and his ancestors had never known the meaning of comfort, taken on a dresty voyage to Table naver known the meaning of comfort, taken on a dresry voyage to Table Bay, half-baked in cattle-cars for a thousand miles across the Karron Desert, then marched in the heat of day, sleeping chilled and wet at hight, on half-rations all the time-after such a preparation a real battle or skirmish with the enemy is a tremendous relief from a terrible monotony, and requires only a low grade of courage to urge Tommy onward-he has so little to lose.

only a low grade of courage to urge Tommy onward—he has so little to lose.

"But with the artistocratic officers the case is quite different. They have been in perhaps half a dozen campaigns before; there is nothing novel in the experience. They have left comfortable barracks for luxurious quarters and clubs in London; they belong to the upper ten thousand, who have more or less of all that man can desire. They have left behind and hope to go back to, all that's best in life. They may lose what all the rest of humanity are strenuously striving with might and main to obtain. And they know it. And whenever they rush out under Mausers fire, twenty yards ahead of their companies, shouting "Come on, men!" they know their chances are not one in ten, for every skirmish results in two or more officers killed or wounded.

"I have seen these clean-faced, long-limbed Llon's mins eleating charges, going to certain death without flinching, as though they were but cheering a cricket match. While I cannot but find foult with a certain recklesness in their manner, yet I must adult there are no braver men in all the armies of the world than these same aristocratic British officers, who frequently go into action wearing kild gloves white collars, and a monocle."

These extracts are good examples of the author's style, and choice of sub-jects. (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates &

Recent Fiction.

"Some Women I Have Known," by Maarten Maartens, is a collection of femi nine types more or less charming, and all extremely well drawn. There are just twelve of them, and they are taken from Russia. The French women are, perhaps, a shade the most attractive. Some of the tales are trugic, others partake of the nature of light comedy, and one or two are almost farcical. But each is finished with the delicate precision of a miniature and the insight of an author who reall

knows feminine character,
"Mrs. Russell" is a capital portrait of the type of English woman who is de-It might easily fit some American dames. would make a dainty one net play if it were reconstructed in dramatic form. It would be worth somebody's while to try it. "Madame de Liancourt" is a study of a certain phase of French society, done with a skill and subtlety which remind one of Balzac. Another French heroine who might almost have stepped out of the Comedie Humaine is Denise de Mersy. This story is one of the finest if not the finest, in the collection. "Annette de Viroflay" is almost as good, and is pure light comedy, with a touch of seriousness here and there. The opening scene is deliciously fresh, natural, and vivacious. Still another of the French sketches is "Madame de Parfondrieu," a wonderfully clever study of that phase of French society which hangs on the filial relation. It is significant that in almost all of these stories the woman's figure is predominant in interest, and in no two of them are the heroines in the least alike. It produces the effect of a portfolio of sketches by a master hand. The stories are not embryonic novels; they are exactly what a short story should be, and one cannot wish them longer (New York: D. Appleton & Co

"My Lady's Diamonds," by Adeline Ser geant, is a cleverly constructed detective story, the plot of which is developed from the loss of a diamond necklace in circum stances which involve the heroine in sus The various incidents which help to fasten this suspicion are ingeniously collected and connected, and the story is readable throughout. (New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.25.)

"The Fall of the Curtain," by Harold Begbie, has a plot which might be de-scribed as originality run wild. It is a story of what purports to be modern English life in that section of society known as the smart set. It is unique in that the heroine is also the adventuress and sprouts wings at the last moment thereby differing from the archetypal adcenturess Becky Sharp. One feature of the book, however, deserves more prominence than it gets, for the very idea is fascinat ing. The scene is laid in an old castle which has a stone passage known as "Kyn's Way," by which one may go all around the massive pile between the in-ner and outer surfaces of the walls. The idea is essentially fitted to a dramatic climax, and it is rather exasperating to ind that the author makes so little of i (Indianapolis: The Bowen Merrill Company, \$1.25.)

"Brenda's Summer at Rockley," by Helen Leah Reed, is the latest "Brenda book," and the series is very much like the "Einle books," except that it is all rubbish, without the sentiment which saved Miss Finley's Work from being utterly flavoriess. "Brenda" is Elsie with he sentiment squeezed out. (Boxton: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.)

LITERARY NOTES.

Prof. Josiah Royce's second series of Gifford lectures will be called "The World and the Individual-Nature, Man and the Moral Order." It is on the for immediate publication by the millan Company.

Frank R. Stockton, in a recently pub lished interview,, throws some light on the making of his latest "Rudder Grange" ook. He says:

the making of his latest 'Rudder transe book. He says:

I can tell you a story about Pomona and this baby. I had planned qut the book of Pomona's travels and was about ready to write it. I was in Philadelphia at the time, and had a business appointment with my dentist, an old friend. By the way, you should never change your dentist any more than you should your plumber. Both will want to take out the work of their predecessors, awearing that it was done very hadly. Well, while in the chair I got to taking with this friend about my new book. I told him I he averious thoughts of killing that baby. He was much interested. We talked over the advisuability of doing this, and, while he was not quite convineed, he in the main agreed with me. I had been finished with, and, classing his hand, went into the waiting room on my way out. This waiting room was filled with women. As I possed through the door I heard him call: "Then you have positively decided to kill that baby?" "Positively," I replied. You should have seen the women stare. It was not until I got well out in the follows that I realized what they must, of course, have been thinking.

The Putnams state that the first large edition of Merejkowski's "Death of the Gods" has been exhausted. They are planning to publish in January the are panning to plants in that Russian author's famous trilogy of historical romances. It will be entitled "The Resurrection of the Gods," translated, as was the first, by the authorized translator, Herbert Trench.

"A Source Book in the History of Edu cation for the Greek and Roman Period, by Paul Monroe, A. M., Ph. D., adjune professor of the history of education. Teachers' College Columbia University, will be published by the Macmillan Com-

"The Popular Science Monthly" for No reader, opening the sixtleth volume, gives the first place to a reproduction of the first announcement of the theory of evolists announcement of the theory of evo-lation by natural selection made by Dar-win and Wallace before the Linnean So-ciety in 1858. The original is quite inac-cessible, and it is of much interest to see the way in which this great theory was presented by the two men who independ-ently proposed it.

Ralph Connor's new novel, "The Man rom Glengarry," is to be published by he Revells.

Lafcadio Hearn has for some years past Lafcadio Hearn has for some years past been transcribing into English many exquisite little Japanese poems dealing with various topics. In "Exotics and Retrospectives" these were grouped in the papers on "Frogs" and "Insect Musicians." His book entitled Shadowings was enriched with many little poems on cicadae and wish some old Japanese songs. His "In Ghostly Japan" contained an exquisite paper entitled "Bits of Poetry." Mr. Hearn's new book, "A Japanese Miscellany," continues this delightful series with an article on the poems relating to dragon fles and an essay on "The Songs of Japanese Children."

the name Beaucaire, given to the hero of Booth Tarkington's romance, "Monthe name Besucaire, given to the hero of Booth Tarkington's romance, "Monsleur Beaucaire," is a creation of the author's brain, devised from the French 'beau," with a cuphonious ending.

Such is not the case. In a very scarce the father manifest.

thor's brain, devised from the French
"beau," with a cuphonious ending.
Such is not the case. In a very scarce
little volume, "Ancassin and Nicolete,"
done into English by Andrew Lang, London, 187, and published by David Nutt
in the 'Strand,' the name will be found
repeatedly, spelled, however, Blancaire.
In a later translation of the best-known
passayes in this very old French poem of
the 'Provencal Lovers,' by E. C. St.-dman, the first verse begins thus:

Beneath ins load of wood,
He that of right the smile passessed—
Her father manifest.

O, blest be God! that anch an overplus
of loy is given to us;
As gift secure and permanent!
For, howeveer the smile had birth,
It is an added glory on the carth.

—J. E. Brown.

Within the garden of Benucaire
He mut her by a seriet stair—
The night was, centuries ago.

Charles Mulford Robinson's book, recentry published by the Putnams, and entitled "The Improvement of Towns and Cities," treats the subject of the physi-cal betterment of our communities in a manner that makes the volume remarka-bly helpful and suggestive to all public-spirited citizens of city, town or village.

"Time Table of Modern History, A. D. 400-1870, compiled and arranged by M. Morison, is issued by the Macmilian Company. It contains parallel dates of events,

nave reasy for the public in November.

It will be called "Stories of the Sea."
One is about the Dutch island of Marken, one is laid in Minnesota, some are in Provence. The titles are those: "A Sea Upcast." The Wrath of the Zuyder Zee."
"A Dulwith Tragedy," "A White Penitent, and The Death Fires of Les Martignes."

A rather curious collocation of names appears in a new book of the Putnams, H. C. Shelley's "Kents and His Circle." In this it is intended to dwell particularly on the human as distinguished from the literary aspect of the poet's life.

"God Wills it: a Tale of the First Cru sade," is the title of William Stearns Davis new novel.

H. E. Krehbiel's book on "The Plane forte and Its Music" is in the hands of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, and its appearance is promised for November, completing the series called The Music Lover's Library, Mr. Krehniel has treated his subject in three divisions. Part i. on "The Instrument," discusses "Principles and Primitive Prototypes, "Medieval Precursons" and "The Planoforte of Today," Part II, on "The Compasets," treats of "English Virginalities, "Prech and Italian Claveanists," "The German Schoolx "Classicism and the Sonata," "The Romantic Movement" and "Latter Day Tendencies," Part III, on "The Players, of The Clavier Style, "Bach to Beckhoven," "The School of Velocity, "Influence of Schummann and Chopin," and "Liszt and His Successors."

Mrs. Alec Tweedle's new book, "Mexico is I Saw It," is to appear almost imme

New Books Received.

THE CAVALIER. By George W. Cable, trated. New York: Charles Scribner's THE RULING PASSION. By Henry Van Dyke. Hustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.70.

AMOS JUDD. By J. A. Mitchell, Illustrated, New York; Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50. PAPA BOUCHARD. By Mollie Elliot S. awell. Histrated. New York: Charles Second's Sons \$1.75.

BY BREAD ALONE. By L. K. Friedram. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50. THE PRINCESS OF THE PURPLE PALACE. By William Murray Graydon, New York: Mc-Clure, Phillips & Co. \$1.10. WALL STREET STORIES. By Edwin Lefevre New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25 LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Edwin Markham. New York: McClure, Falllips & Co. \$1.

MAUD ADAMS. By Acton Davies, Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stoken Company, \$1.50. NEIGHBORS OF FIELD, WOOD, AND STREAM

By Morion Grinnell. Illustrated: New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1, 90. THE TRAITOR'S WAY. By S. Levett-Vestes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50. 81.50. LIVES OF THE HUNTED. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Rhotrated. New York: Charles Scribber's Sees. \$1.75. SCHIMET & SORES, L. 170.

MY LADY'S DIAMONDS: By Adeline Sergeant.
New York: F. M. Bucklon & Co.
FOR LOVE OR CROWN. By Arthur W. Marchmont. Blustrated. New York: Frederick A.

THE RENEFACTRESS. By the author of "Ellig abeth and Her German Garden. The Macmillan Company. OLD TIMES IN DIXIE LAND. By Caroline E. Merrick. New York: The Grafton Press.

Merrick, New York; The Grafton Press, LIGHTS OF CHILD-LAND. By Mand Bulling-ton Roseth. Illustrated. New York; G. P. Putnane's Sans. 81.25. THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT IN RE-IJGION, By Minot Judon Savage, D. D. New York, G. P. Patnam's Sens. \$1.35 THE U.H.N. By F. F. Montrosor, New 2012.

D. Appleton & Co.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Annrehist.

no son of Freedom's giant race, Judas hands betray while they embrace fool-fiend masked as man,

Now when the world, grown conscious Now when the world, grown conscious of its strength.

Is sweeping from its above.

The tyranny of kings, and breaks, at length, Their decad Star Chamber doors.

Shall this welled terror shadowing Presion's ground Uplift its head and reign, a despot, though uncrowned?

And smites at its own cause.

The slain of tyrants leave their martyred names.
Each one a star that draws.
The sauer sorial clean-feeted through the night,
On by broad highways slowly, up to Freedom's.
light.

-London Chronicle.

Memories. Twas on a summer night that first we not. By that fair river winding through the vale. The star of love shore bright; the fields were wet.

With the soft dew; and there the old, succ tale Was told again, when the full sun was set,

And as we heard the nightingale's sweet time.

And as we felt the simmer wind's soft breath,
we pledged our troth hencath the silver moon.

But those dear years, were about, relembles Death Claimed thee, his levilest victim, all too soon.

"Twas on a sommer night that first we met.

The tender thought of that seems nigh to
break

The heart that heat with such a love. And yet
For all the sadness that those memories wake.
There is a sweetness in the found regret.

Francis Henry Durnford in Household Words.

The Egotist When I am glum and feeling blue Why does all earth seem that way, too?

When I am feeling blithe and gay Why does the whole world seem at play? When I was touched with love divine Why did the stars more brightly shine? When jealously or hate controlled Why did the sams at once grow cold?

I sometimes fear to hurdened be With such responsibility. For good or better had or worse For good or petter,
I regulate the universe!

-Household Words.

The Intercepted Salute.

A little maiden met me in the lane, and smiled a smile so very fain, So full of trust and happiness, I could not choose but bless The child, that she should have such grace To laugh into my face.

pectives' these were grouped in the posers on "Frogs" and "Inseet Musicians."
His book entitled Shadowings' was ensched with many little poems on cleadace
and with some old Japinese songs. His
'In Ghostly Japan' contained an exnuisite paper entitled "Bits of Poetry."
Mr. Hearn's new book, "A Japanese Missclany," continues this delightful series
with an article on the poems relating to
Iragon fles and an essay on "The Songs
of Japanese Children."

It has been the general impression that
the name Beaucaire, given to the hero

When Mother Rigged the Spanker Boom.

Boom.

Readin' 'bout this yas him' race, it somehow takes me back
To when I was a codger in the town of Hacken-sack;
It minds me how us youngsters had to steer our course just so, or else the storm of punishment would soon begin to blow;
An' pa was the perfeccin' hoat that sounded warnin' culls.

Ret mediate rivered ber summer hoom—an' then warnin' cells,

But mother rigged ber spanker boom-an' then
look out for equils;

Now kids-you take 'em big or small-is mostly Morison, is issued by the Macmillan Company, it contains parallel dates of events, tables of genealogies, ruling monarchs, and a general parallel dated chart of ancient and modern history.

The Harpers hold out the attractive promise of a book of short stories by Thomas A. Janvier, which they expect to have ready for the multi- in November.

But mother rigged ber spanker boom and looked by the attractive promise of the course they in the second of the course they in the course they in the second of the course they in the second of the course they in the second of the course they in the course they in the second of the course the c

> Them tender recollections of the days that's long gone by Brings up a happy picture to my intellectful A picture of the gladores that into my bosom alipped h time my biggest brother was the one that mother whipped, on this little proveds all my recollection stalls: atells:
> i mother rigs her spanker boom you'd best
> liok out for squalls,
>
> —Halbimore American. When

Failure.

Oh, long and dark the stairs I trod With standbling feet to find my God, Gaining a footbold bit by bit, Then alipping back and looing it,

Never progressing, striving still, With weakening grasp and fainting Bleeding to climb to God, while He Serenely smiled, unnoting me.

Then came a certain time when I Loosened my hold and fell forcely.

Down to the lowest step my fall, As if I had not climbed at all. And while I by despairing there I hears a football on the stair,

And lot when hope had ceased to be, My Ged came down the stairs to nic. —Theodosia Garrison, in the Smart Set.

Lassitude.

The storm is over! Tears and cries are stilled;
The laffled heart refuses to be stirred.
And on the lip the last complaint is killed.
That for a means thattest to be heard.
The tainting words halfspoken, too, have died,
Stifled at birth and choked in travail's pain.
The soul is silent; dumb are leafs and pride.
Nor one fot's fleremoss of librit past relain.
Auger, with frightened eyes and briden wing,
Feebly puts forth a pulse of shuddering breath.
Then falls, a shuttered and a broken thing.
Bropping pale pinions at the feet of death.
Speak nor of joy not justice, loope nor scheme,
Only of sleep!—a sleep dissoul of dream.

—Julien Gordon.

An Exception.

There's poetry in earth and air, in changing sky, in rolling sea, in all we look at everywhere; There's peetry in you and me. There's poetry in birds that sing. In summer landscapes, winter access; There's poetry in everything— But how about the magazines?—Derothy Dors in the Smart Set.

An Arabian Proverh

Who in pearls would find his fortune Must beneath the wave plunge deep. Who in ease would fate importune Sinks uncrowned to his last sleep. —Katherine de Kay Bronse Old Gardens.

The white reso-tree that spent its mink For lovers' sweeter praise. The atately walks we sought at dank, Have missed thee many days. Again with once familiar feet
I trend the old parterse;
But, ah, its bloom is now less sweet
Than when thy face was there:

I hear the hirds of evening vall;
I take the wild periume;
I pluck a rose—to let it full
And perials in the gloom,
—Arthur Upon, in the October Critic.

It is the twilight of the year,
And through her wendrous wide abode.
The autumn goes, all silently,
Yo light her lamps along the road.
—Charles Hanson Towne.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Which of our Presidents was the youngest at nauguration?

President Roosevelt; Ulysses S. Grant comes next. What is the full name of the Greek Church? 2. What is its numerical strength? 3. What are the chief nationalities represented? E. A. McH.

Holy Oriental Orthodox Catholic Apos-tolic Church. 2 About 28,000,000. 3 Rus-sians and Greeks. What are the anniversaries of wedding days?

Fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china, twenty-fifth, silver; fiftleth, gold; statieth or seventy-lith, diamond.

Can a man who owns eighty acres of land enter on adjoining land? He can, to the extent of eighty acres, in some cases. Put your case to the land office of your district.

What is the annual rainfall for North Dakota? Is snow included in the calculation? W. H. The report for Bismark is 18.4 inches; or Williston it is 14 inches, and for Fargo 7 inches. 2. Yes; it is measured melted.

A friend claims to know that the potato crop f European countries is larger and more im-ordant than our own; is he right? G. A. He is on the right track; the potato crop is far more important in the national economy in Europe than here, and the crops are larger.

Now many cities of 1,000,000 population are there in the world, and what are their names? W. M.

There are tweive such-London, New York, Paris, Berlin, Chicago, Canton, To-kyo, Vienna, Philadeiphia, St. Peters-burg, Peking and Moscow, The popula-lions of Canton, Peking, and Moscow are estimated.

How long does a copyright last? 2. How nearly sumpleted must a work be to secure copyright?

Twenty-eight years, in the last six months of which a renewal for fourteer years more may be secured. 2. It need be not more than projected, the law being only that publication shall be effected within a reasonable time.

I learn from an address delivered before the Maryland Historical Society by J. H. B. Latrobe, that Nicholas J. Roosevelt superintended the building of the New Orleans, the first steambar built in the West, and that he and his wife left Pittsburg in 1811 in this ateamer, bound for Natchez and New Orleans. Was this Roosevelt related to the President? If so, what was the relation?

Yes; great-great-uncle.

How is ale made? E. E. How is ale made?

It is brewed from malt, as is beer, but the first fermentation is so checked that a considerable quantity of succharine remains in the liquor. By a later fermentation, in casks or bottles, this sugar changes to alcohol and carbonic acid the latter producing the characteristic effervescence, the former being present in greater quantity than in beer. Ale is fermented, too, at a higher temperature than is beer.

How much land can a man homestead in Can-ada? 2. What does it cost? 3. How long does he have to remain on the land? 4. Does one have to take out papers there? 0. A. M.

to take out papers there?

Of Duminion lands, 160 acres. Some of the provinces permit grants of 200 acres.

The present price for Dominion land is 18 per acre. The office fee for homesteading is 18; on canceled mads, 15 to 120.

Six months yearly for three years, though he may purchase after a year's residence on the land and cultivation of thirty acres. 4 No. What are the source and meaning of the name Labradorf L. G.

Two explanations are offered. The more probable one is that when Cortereal visited the country in 1500 he took home to King Effianuel some aborigines, and the king though he had discovered a new "slave coast," so bestowed a Portuguese name upon it, meaning "laborer's land." The other story has a Basque whaler named ta Bradore sail into Br dore Bay and give his name to that locality, the whole region later taking this visitor's name.

Did Louis Kossuth, on giving over the Governorship of Hungary, come direct to this country? I. is not assente the basis of practically all the well known or much used insecticides?

No; he escaped to Turkey, where he received protection despite demands from
Austria and Russia for his surrender.
Not till 1831 was he permitted to board
the Missizsipoi, which had been sent for
him by our Government. 2. No; though
it is of the preparations intended to
combat insects that bite or chew. Bucking insects are fought, largely with kerosene emulsions, and sulphur and soap
washes for scale insects are well within
your classification.

Who was called the "Wisard of the North?" "Who was the real "Mother to the King?" was the author of "God Save the King?" G. H. I. Who

G. H.

Sir Walter Scott. 2. Elizabeth Foster, who married Isaac Goose, a Boston printer, in 1830. 3. It is not known definitely. Some attribute both words and music to Dr. John Bull, who lived from 1883 to 1622. He was organist at Antwerp Cathedral, where what is claimed to be the anthem's original manuscript is preserved. Others attribute it to Henry Carey, 1885. There can be little doubt that the words have been changed many times.

How do bees fasten their combs? 2. And how J. W. W.

do they produce wax?

With best-give, or propolis. This is carried by the bee like pollen, and is collected from resinous buds, such as horse-chestnut and hickory. It also is used to fill cracks and leasen the size of openings.

It is taken from the blood by cell action, at the expense of a deal of honey. That the bees appreciate this is shewn by their wonderfully economical use of it. The worker insect has wax plates on the under part of the abdomen, and back of these are wax glands. The wax issues in liquid form, solidifying on reaching the air. o they produce wax?

Will you tell me who wrote the poem "Tar-pela," where can I get it, and all the informa-tion you have about it?

E. H. R.

tion you have about it?

According to tradition, Tarpela was a Roman vestal virgin of Romains reign, who betrayed the Capitoline citadel to attacking Sabines. She had obtained from the Sabines that they would give her what they bore on their left arms. She meant their golden ornaments, but after taking advantage of her treachery they buried her beneath their shields, which had also been borne on their left arms. Thereafter trailors were executed by being thrown from the portion of the bill known as the Tarpelan Rock. Shakespeare makes allusion to this, in "Corialanus," but we do not trace a poem of your title.

Where was the Spanish Armsda sunk? 2. The was in command of the Spanish and British levels? 3. What was the vise of the two fleets, and how many lives were lost on both sides?

The English sunk some of its vessels off the south coast of England and in the Channel. Many more were destroyed by storms on the way home. 2. The Duke of Median Sidonia and Lord Howard of Ef-Medina Sidonia and Lord Howard of Effingham, respectively, 3. The Spanish had some Life vessels, the English about 89; the former were of horger size. In the actual fighting the Spanish lost about 4,000 men, to a hundred or so of the English; but the later Spanish loss from storms, attacks of Irish and Islemen, and disease and exhaustion was more than double that from the sea fight.

Please give the name and a short sketch of the present ruler of China? H. S. Please give the name and a abort sketch of the present ruler of China? H. S. Kwang-Hsu, formerly known as Tsal-Tien, is the ninth Emperor of China of the Mancha dynasty of Tsing, which over-threw the muive dynasty of Ming in 1844. He was born in 1871, and at that time no-body supposed that there was the slightest chance of his succeeding to the throne. His predecessor Tung-Che, died in 1875, and the Empress bowager and the Manchurlan Princess heid a meeting and selected Tsal-Tien, son of Prince Chung, as successor to the throne. Prince Chung, was the seventh brother of the Emperor Hien Fung. There is no doubt that Tsal-Tien was made Emperor because of his extreme wouth, and the consequent fact that there would be a long minority during which the Downing-Empress would be nominal as well as actual ruler. However, he was chosen, and the name Kwang-Hsu, or "Glorious Successor," was given to him. His education was conducted by the supposedly whest man of the Empire and when he was afreen years old he was married to a bride chosen by the Dowager Empress. Immediately after his marriage Kwang-Hsu formally ascended the throne with much cer-mony, but he has been a cipher in the affairs of the nation ever since and on only very rare octhe throne with much cerymony, but he has been a cipher in the affairs of the nation ever since, and on only very rare occusions has ever been allowed to receive the foreign ministers. The Dowager Env press is the real ruler.